Captain King Relates Interesting and Thrilling Incidents of

SOME WILD RIDES IN THE WEST.

Chasing Indian Cattle Thieves Through Arizona.

A LIVELY BATTLE AT SUNSET PASS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)



EN. CROOK make two miles an hour. was completing in 1874 the task of subjugating a hitherto intractable tribe and no man ever commanded in Arizona who better knew the Apaches, treated them better when they would behave or thrashed them better when they wouldn't. All

his predecessors had found their methods too slow for so nimble an enemy. Precipitous mountains, jagged and impassable canyour and scorching deserts all aided the Indians and hampered the troops. Finally the Government selected Crook, despite the fact that he was then only a Lacutement Colonel, and gave him command of that dismal department on his brevet rank of General; sent him a regiment of cavalry to replace one that had had some years of unlucky experiences in the territory, and the General himself took the field and practically taught the new troopers how to tackle mountain Indians. He had learned the trick years before the War of the Rebellion. Tribe after tribe and band after band did he whip into submission and finally in '74 they were nearly all gathered into great reservations and there remained out in the mountains of Northeastern Arizona only a few scattered parties, prominent among them being adherents of two bull-headed chiefs known as Eskimingin and Eskeltetsee. These "hostiles" were nearly all of the Tonto and Sierra Blanco tribes.

### TRAILING INDIANS.

All the spring and summer of '74 the General had scouting parties of cavalry, each with its complement of Indian allies for trailers, and its little train of pack mules hunting through the mountains for these recalcitrants, and the orders were, when we found them, to fight it out then and there. The two portheasternmost stations of the troops were at that time Camp Verde-some 50 miles, by road, east of Prescott, and Camp Apache, down among the foothills of the Mogollon range of mountains, and it was from these points that the detachments sallied forth on their raids. They also served as guards for the great Verde and San Carlos reservations, where thousands of the once fierce and untamable Apaches were now living in apparent peace and content-ment. The older officers remained in gard rison with the infantry and the "young-sters" were kept at the tireless work.

I was then First Lieutenant of K troop the Fifth Cavalry and stationed at Verde. We had had some lively fights with the Apaches along the Black Mesa and down in the Tonto Basin in May and June, and then came a summer's rest during which we hardly had a scout. Early in the autumn, however, it was demonstrated that the renegades, re-inforced by some young men from the reservations, were again show-ing in the mountains to the southeast of us, and once more the cavalry were called on to

I had been making a survey of the military reservation at Camp Verde and was busy with my maps one warm October afternoon when some herders came riding in to the post and reported to the commanding officer that a war party of Apaches had swooped down from the "Red Rock" country northeast of us two days before and had run off a lot of their cattle. They had trailed them, supposing at first the cartle bad merely stampeded and strayed; but Tonto moccasin prints soon told the story, and they came back to give the alarm and beg that their beef might be recaptured.

# A FORTY-MILE RIDE.

The marauders had a big start, of course, but could not go very fast. They had taken a course indicating that they were making for the neighborhood of Snow Lake, over towards the Colorado Chiquito, and in half an hour I was in the saddle and galloping up the Verde Valley to the Indian reservaon 26 miles away. My orders were to find my comrade, Lieutenant Schuyler, who was there in command, get 15 or 20 Indian scouts, and return to the post as soon as possible. Meantime Colonel Mason and eutenant Euton would organize a party to be ready to start at day break on the

Unluckily, the scouts I wanted were gone and instead of the Apache-Mohaves, who had been my trailers earlier in the season-and good ones too-Schuyler had nothing to offer but some Apache-Yumas whom I did not know at all and whom he could not especially recommend. Even they were out hunting somewhere, but he could have them sent tor, armed and equipped and hurried down to the garrison that evening. We turned about therefore, my horse and I, and trotted back to the post, arriving there soon after sunset with appetites for supper, you may be sure, after our 40 mile jaunt.

Meantime 20 men from A and K troops had been selected, and with Lieutenant Eaton for second in command, old Harry Hawes for packmaster, and the Apache Yumas for scouts and trailers I was ordered to start at dawn and recapture the cattle and 'larrup" the cartle thieves. Late that night while Eaton and I were writing our home letters (sometimes our officers and men never wrote again after these affairs) we heard a clatter of hoofs coming up the hill behind our adobe quarters, and the Apache Yumas arrived. They were given some-thing to eat and a place to camp for the night and then we, too, turned in for a

At 3:30 in the morning we were up again, dressed in our rough and serviceable mountain rig, and at 5-just as the trumpets were sounding first call for reveille, we filed out from the corrals, forded the Verde river and rode swiftly away northeastward. My purpose was to go as far as Arnold's ranch; pivouse there until dusk; then begin the ascent of the mountains when the sharpest eyed lookouts of the Indians could not see Of course all the reservations knew by this time that a party was going out, and before nightfall Eston and I were convinced that our scouts were most reluctant to go

Winding up the valley of Beaver creek in the early morning, we had reached the ranch at 8 o'clock and unsaddled in the grove at the edge of the stream. Here we hid all day long while Eaton and I had a Wales Arnold, the owner, about the trail over the mountains. There was a fair road, but a very roundabout one, leaving the valley some miles to the north and making a wide circuit, sweeping around ified; the hostiles were many and the fight east of us to Stoneman's Lake, some 40 miles was lively for a while. I wrote no letters

Just at dusk we saddled, mounted and with a "good luck to you" from Arnold and day to this, but, there was no more cattle this ranch people, away we went. There thieving in the upper Verde. was no moon, and, though A crisp starlit night, it was very dark when we began our climb up the rocky sides of the first canyon and the ascent of the range. Riding in Arizona, for mountain scouting purposes, differed from any riding I had ever done before or have done since in that—pardon the Hibermanism—it was mostly walking. The mountains are so precipitous that one has to dismount and lead or follow his horse.

FIGHTING APACHES. The whole command moves in single file with the Apache scouts, generally in front; with the Apache scouts, generally in front; then the commanding officers, then the troopers, and finally the pack train. This march of ours the night of October 28 was no exception to the rule. Hour after hour we slipped, slid, tugged and climbed over loose, flinty rocks and jagged stones, up, up, up, twisting, turning, panting and towing our unlucky steeds by the bridal rein and at last, about 10 o'clock, found ourselves on the crest of the westermost spur of the range, and one after another of the men silently clambered to the point; the pack mules followed the tinkling bell of their lead horse and finally the whole command was grouped along a little mesa under the cloudless and starry heavens—all but the scouts. Long before they had begun to murmur and protest. "Soldiers go too fast!" a preposterous statement as we could hardly

> HEAP SICK. One after another they had slipped back to the rear of the column, and when, pres-sently, they came wearily dragging up the cliff and silently grouped themselves at the brink, it was noticed that their "sergeant" was not there to answer questions. He had was not there to answer questions. He had "gone home," one of them explained. Two others were "heap sick" and could go no farther. More than ever was it evident that for some reason they were mortally afraid to go with this detachment. Never before had I encountered any shirks or cowards among our scouts when we knew the hostile Apaches were all around us. What then could account for the utter "weakening" of

> Au hour later a partial reason was manifest. Turning a high, rocky spur we came upon a point from which we could see the sky line to the northern horizon; and there perhaps 20 miles away at the eastern edge of the Indian reservation, glowed against a rocky wall, that hid it from all eyes in the valley, a huge signal fire throwing its glare far across the Red Rock country and the pine covered crests of the Black Mesa be-

> Later still that night, slipping and sliding down the jagged sides of a dark canyon, Indians again hopelessly behind, we reached a sheltered spot where there was water and grass for our stock, and here we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept till dawn and then had a good look about us. Nine of our "scouts" had managed to crawl in,

> the rest are gone. Here we breakfasted, inspected our horses' feet and found that, although every horse and mule had been carefully attended to by the blacksmiths and paniers before we started, four had cast shoes in the scramble up and down the rocks and 20 more had loosened theirs.

A SCRAMBLE

The next night, crossing in its course three deep and rock-ribbed canyons we struggled along. Three times the Indians were ordered up to the front, but each time they managed to slip back in the darkness, "Tonto" signs had been discovered soon before sunset. Fresh signal fires blazed against the northern sky and these poor devils were evidently convinced that we were tramping straight into the jaws of destruction. I say "tramping" advisedly be-cause not until late at night did we mount It was all climb or scramble, but about 10 o'clock Sergeant Taylor and Trooper Frank Biffar, who were foremost "feeling the way" halted, and when I joined them, pointed to what appeared to be a broad dark patch against the low east-ern sky and said, "There are the woods, sir, we must be nearing the road." At midght we found the trail of the cattle; had looked upon the star-decked surface of Stoneman's lake; had lost our scouts en-tirely and half the shoes in the command. When we left Verde our comrades were

wearing light summer clothing all day long and no fires were in except for cooking purposes. Here we had climbed so high that the water froze solid in our canteens. At 8:30 in the morning seven of our hapless scouts came limping into the bivouac. All "heap sick" yet able to eat like hounds. We pointed out the cattle tracks, told them they could sleep and rest until 4 in the afternoon, then we would push ahead through the woods until we reached their eastern verge and wait there until dark before ridng out across the open mesa. The next day, October 31, we were close at

the heels of our quarry and still keeping under cover. We waited not only to get the cattle but to include the Apaches.

Late that afternoon, just as the sun began to throw long shadows across the hol-

lows in the Mesa we peered over the crest of a low range, and there, two miles in front and just entering a defile known as the Iarvis' Pass, we caught sight of our missing steers. Two or three men and the Indian scouts were left with Harry Hawes to look after the pack train; the rest of us reset pur saddles, took an extra loup on the cinchas, looked to the breech blocks of our carbines and the chambers of the revolvers (officers and men went armed, dressed and equipped alike in Arizona. We had no more use for swords than we had for shoulder knobs.) Then "mount" was the word and, moving slowly and cautiously at first, we rode to the crest, formed line, and then—there was no help for it since the country was an open, undulating surface, destitute of shelter for over two miles, struck into a rapid trop, next, as we reached the level below, without a word of command bugle call or any of the stirring accompaniments of other warfare, the riders simply conforming to the gait of their leader, away we went at a gallop.

FIGHTING HOSTILES. Ours were the short coupied, stocky California horses, not very fast, but very useful for mountain climbing; it seemed to me an unconsionable time before we were half across the plain and then the men began to open out a little so as to surround the cattle as we neared them and at the same time be less "bunched" in case the Apaches were lurking in ambuscade in the rocks beyond. Eagerly as I looked, not a hostile Indian could I see, nor, indeed, did I expect to see until we hustled them out of their holes. Alarmed by the thunder of advancing hoofs and the irrepressible cheering of some of the men, the cattle were beginning to trot wildly about with tails and heads alike in air, but all sight of their captors was denied us. As we rode around the herd, some north, some south of and some in their engerness, through them we closed in a trifle confidently expecting to be greeted by shots from the rocky entrance to the pass. Even at the gallop quick eyes could detect the print of Tonton moccasins in the soft earth of the roadway, but not a shot nor a sound was there. Warned by the signal fires they had kept sharp lookout to the crest and so soon as our coming was detected, they had scattered for the nearest height, shrewdly

arguing that so long as we had got the cattle we could afford to let the captors go. But that wasn't General Crook's idea of dealing with these renegades at all. As soon as it was dusk, leaving four men and the used up Indian to drive the herd back the "Sunset Pass," only 18 miles from the Colorado Chiquito. Here in the wild haunts of the mountains was the likeliest place for the renegatles to rest, believing themselves safe from further pursuit, re we hid in a deep canyon until dawn; and here again our scouts protested. "No Tonto! No Tonto! No Injun," until we showed them the prints of the moccasir under their very noses—and here on Sunday the 1st of November climbing the high mountain to the south we caught the scamps and carried out our orders. Our little squad of allies turned tail and ran at the very first fire and, sure enough, their views were just. for many a week thereafter, nor fired another shot from the right shoulder from that

How They Catch Lunation. Boston Gazette.

Son-Papa, how do they catch lunaties? Cynical Father—With large straw hats and feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that's how I dressed before we were married.

CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

# IN ANCIENT IRELAND.

Edgar L. Wakeman Unearths a Number of Very Interesting

ANTIQUITIES OF ARRAN ISLES.

Christian Era. RELIGIOUS REMAINS OF THE GROUP

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) ARRAN ISLANDS, IRELAND, March 4, '89. terest to the traveler, chiefly for three rea-

west coast. Their archmological remains are the most fascinating and impressive to the student of remotest history to be found in western Europe. And they are inhabited by a race of people whose stubborn clinging to the bleak spot, whose patience in human misery, whose vocations and character and whose garb and home life, are beyond ordinary explanation, conjecture, or descrip-

From the moment Conn, the boatman, set me ashore at Killaney from his old curragh, it has seemed to me that any one in search of desolation to depict in man or nature, could find it wholly typified here. The habitable islands of Arran are three in number, setting across the entrance of the great Bay of Galway-which should be the European entrepot for swift-going American steamers-to the northwest from the mighty headlands of Clare; and they show the same limestone formation. Next to Clare is South Sound, four miles in width. Then comes Inisheer, the smallest of the group, but 1,400 acres in area. Foul Sound, but half a mile wide, separates Inisheer from Inishmaan, the next larger and central island, with an area of possibly 2,500 acres. Gregory Sound, the same width as Foul, in turn separates Inishmaan from Arranmore, Great Arrah, whose confines comprise nearly 8,000 acres. At some remote time, no doubt, they were a part of a continuous ocean-barring range or band of heights, locking in a great inland lake now outlined by Galway Bay.

WAR BETWEEN SEA AND LAND.

I have stood at their peaks, almost at the edge of precipices whose sides fell straight as a plummet to the ocean, when it seemed that the whole Atlantic was rising to engulf them. As far as the eye could reach at sea the ocean was as a boiling cauldron; and to the right and left to the island's ends a fierce and furious line of spray spumed and seethed between heights and ocean. The onslaughts of the sea, the thunderings within the caverns beneath, the weird whistling of the blast, the gurgling and roaring of tremendous volumes of water tossed into clerts and moving back upon on-coming waves, the concussion between falling tor-rents and up-hurled seas, and above all the wild shricking of millions of gannets, sea eagles and puffins, plunging deliriously about their threatened homes, fill one with an awful fascination and dread. Perhaps at no spot upon the earth's surface, save possibly where the Atlantic cur-

rents meet and battle with the Arctic currents along the extreme northwest Irish coast, is there such illimitable tury between sea and land. At the height of one of these furious struggles, a puffin dropped dead where I stood. In its crazy flight among the myriad fowl above, it had possibly been I found warranted by its relation to these islands and the islanders themselves. The puffin is the Fratercula arctica of natural history, and belongs to the auk, or Alea, family of web-footed oceanic birds. It displays more activity on the wing and in the water than others of the same family. The bill is enormously developed, is larger tha the remainder of the head, and has the appearance of a great helmet, corrugated in angles from the front and back rim, to side seams, into which the puffin has somehow got its real bill and head wedged, and from which it cannot become disengaged. This grotesque seeming is made more apparent form and situation of the by the legs, which compel it when on land to sit ridiculously upright. But it moves under water with marvelous rapidity. The seaowl is also known upon the west coast as

### ance and wise, fussy ways, the Arran islanders call it "colliabeen"—old woman; and it is known by no other name among these people.

the sea parrot; but, from its sedate appear-

FIRST INHABITANTS. The most ancient manuscripts of Ireland are authority for the revelation that the first conquering, or possessing, occupants of Erinn, were Parthalon, Lady Cesair, and Nemdeh; all of these far in advance of the semi-mythical Firbolgs and Tuatha De Dannan. Both of the latter races were de-scended from two Nemedian chiefs who sur-vived the destruction of Conaing's tower on Torry Island, off the Irish northwest coast. One, Iobath, passed into Northern Europe. The other, Simeon Breack, went to Thrace. Their descendants 237 years thereafter, in the year of the world 2266, returned simultaneously, by different routes and unknown to each other, and took possession of Ireland. The Tuatha De Dannan occupied Northern Ireland; the Firbolgs, the central and southern portion. Their discovery of each other led to an attempt at satisfactory division of the island. This failing, a great battle was fought between the rival races at Magh Tuireadh, or Moytura, the plain of Nia, near the old town of Cong in county

Mayo The Firbolgs were defeated with great slaughter, their King, Eochaidh, killed alter pursuit into the present county of Sligo, at a place near the village of Ballyen dare; but a remnant of the Firblog forces, under their warrior chief, Sreng, whose unexampled bravery secured the magnanimity of the enemy, were given the present province of Connaught, which to as late a by slow and easy stages to the valley we pushed shead that night through Iarris' Pass, forcing our few Apache-Yumas to keep alongside, and at 1 o'clock in the tablished by archæological and antiquarian morning we found ourselves in the heart of research and comparison as the affairs of ancient Greece, is interesting and valuable in making clear the otherwise mystery of the extraordinary remains, both of a paga and Christian character, to be found upo

the Arran Islands.

The remnant of these Firbolgs made their last stand and built mighty duns or fort-resses on these then remote and almost inaccessible islands. Their very magnificence and strength seem to furnish the prompting to the subsequent erection here of churches and cloisters by Christian recluses; as was also illustrated in the tremendous monu-ments to the zeal of this class at Iona, "that illustrious island, which was once the lu-minary of the Caledonian religions" so astounding to the phlegmatic and cynical Dr. Johnson. Of the Arran pagan remains, Dubh Cathair, or Black Fort, Dun Aengus or the Fort of Aengus, Dun Conchovar, Dun Onaght, and Dun Oghil, on Arran-more, and a great Firbolgian dun on Inisheer, the eastern island, are remarkable examples.

AN ANCIENT FORT. It is well established that Black Fort was built 1,500 years preceding the Christian era, and the dun upon Inisheer not more than 500 years later. The former rises from one of the southwestern cliffs of Arrantore, A Cyclopedan wall stretches across a noble

promontory quite similar in form to that on-which stands the ruins of the famous Dun-luce Castle, near the Giant's Causeway. The natural formation of the rock upon this cliff gives a natural defense in its elevated sides. Within this great inclosure over-

stances well preserved, of many claughawns or bee-hive structures, in the well authenticated form of the remotest pagan Irish places of retreat in times of danger. The ablest archeologists of Ireland pronounced these as old as the fort itself. A little distance from this, at Mainister, will be found Dun Oghil. A Fortress Built 1,500 Years Before the

Oghil.

The height and thickness of the ramparts of this relic of pagan times are simply inconceivable to one who has not stood within them. In this respect Dun Oghil is far more impressive than Black Fort, although its site is less picturesque and its antiquity is not so great. Dun Onaght is remarkable for its similarity to the great Grianan of Aileach, near Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, recently restored by Dr. Bernard, the antiquarian of that city. Its form is circular; it is 92 feet in diameter; three consecutive ramparts inclose it, and series consecutive ramparts inclose it, and series of steps lead along the inner wall to the top sons. They are very of the grim structure, as in the Grianan.

But of the Arran Island pagan remains, wild and picturesque But of the Arran Island pages most stuin physical formation, in scenery, and as the resort of millions of sea-fowl, as with the Skelligs off the south-theological remains are to Arranmore from Caledonia in the first century. They were men and warriors of great note, and the monuments to their power and prowess were three great cashels, aths, duns or forts-Dun Aengus, Dun

RELIGIOUS RELICS.

Arran Islands possesses still greater interest. Their origin here is due to Aine, Aendens, or Enda, son of Natiraich, King of Munster, in the latter part of the fifth century. He was a "spear-hurling, ax-wielding" chieftain; a pagan of pagans. Converted to Christianity by his sister. Faning" chieftain; a pagan of pagans. Con-verted to Christianity by his sister, Fanchea, who is said to have taken the veil from St. Patrick himself at Rossory, near Enniskillen, and further crushed and hum-bled by the death of a noble maiden under his sister's care to whom he was betrothed, his life thereafter became that of a religious recluse at Arran. Here he built a church which ever after bore his name, a portion of the original structure being still in exist-

The sixth, seventh and eighth centuries witnessed in Ireland unparalleled zeal for the monkish profession; and in this period a wonderful number of oratories, monasteries and sacred edifices were built. The tame of the then pagan ruins of Arran, and of St. Edna's establishment, drew other religious zealots to this desolate spot, until at one time the little island of Arranmore, which is still called by the peasantry of the west of Ireland, "Arran of the Saints, or Blessed," was dotted with no less than 12 monasteries and 13 churches, Of the churches the oldest to be found in a good state of preservation on Arran is that of St. Benan. It is but 15 feet long and 11 feet wide, but it was built over 1,200 years ago. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

# A CURSE TO THE YOUTH.

The Damaging Effect of the Cigarette Upon . the Rising Generation. New York Sun.1

The cigarette habit appears to be growing among the boys of this city, and there are physicians who tell of its evil effects upon the constitution and health of those who indulge in it. It promotes nervous affections, interferes with the digestion, induces insomnia, leads to muscular debility, causes diseases of the mouth and eyes, and blunts the mental powers. It befouls the air, leaves its taint upon garments, and is apt to create a liking for liquor. It is injurious in every way and advantageous in

Several State Legislatures, including those of New Jersey and Michigan, have lucklessly struck by another crazed bird; bills under consideration for the prohibitor I could find no wound upon it. It was quite warm; and in the thought that came of these unrecorded tragedies of things in nature, I felt an interest in the puffith which mature, I felt an interest in the puffith which boys has been taken on the subject, and many of the facts given are of a kind that might well alarm parents. In this city, especially at night on the east side, one may often see groups of sallow-taced urchips indulging in the baneful habit.

# ONION BILLIARDS.

The Latest New York Game, Just Imported From Bermuda.

New York Graphic. ] The latest new game about town is onion billiards, so called because it came up from Bermuda. It is played with two balls, and the game consists in hitting the object ball after sending the other to the cushion three or four times. The skill consists in selecting angles when shooting, and in leaving the object ball in the center of the table for your opponent, it being more difficult to hit there. John Adams, of Denver and Charles Bonner, of Butte City, gave an exhibition of the new game in the Fifth Avenue billiard rooms last night. Mr. Adams is just back from Bermuda, and won the game by seven points.

A Distressing Mistake.



"What's de matter wid me 'r jumpin' dis hamper and taking a free ride ter de Quaker City ?'



"Be th' powers! I must be rattled this mornin'; put the tag on the trunk that be-longs on the hamper, and forgot to lock the hamper. Well, it's all right now.'



THE ARRIVAL AT RED DOG. The Traveler (in a hoarse whisper)—Excuse me, gents, but will yer please ring fer a nambulance ter carry me to 'r bakery?

Bessie Bramble Writes About the Public School System.

DOES EDUCATION CAUSE CRIME?

Colleges and Institutes for Southern Col-

ored People.

THE ELECTION LAW AS AN INCENTIVE



the North is all broken up on the

the Republic depends upon the maintenance of the public schools, in which children shall be grounded in the principles and duties of good citizenship without sectarian Conchovar or Connor and another, now ob-literated, at Port Murvey, formerly called Murveagh Mil; or the seaside stronghold of of humanity, the church and the State. On one side it is claimed that the State must educate its children, without regard to religion, to be moral and upright citizens; on the other, it is asserted that without religious instruction in the schools that of humanity, the church and the State. To many the ecclesiastical remains of the | must educate its children, without regard out religious instruction in the schools that they fall short of their highest calling and noblest end. Joseph Cook affirms that if Americans are loyal to their grand common school system they are unmistakably at war with the papacy. But while this is perhaps the great matter in controversy at the North, the question South is largely as to whether common schools shall be established for the benefit of all its citizens or whether education shall be left to parent and individual option or not. Many thoughtful men in the South claim-and back their views up with statistics and the opinions of philosophers—that a free State should neither administer religion, education nor charity.

SOME OBJECTIONS. Others base their objections to the educa-tion of the masses by the State on the ground that it promotes rascality and does not in-crease morality. This is the view of Cardinal Manning, who has no hesitation in saying that much of the growth of crime in the United States is due to the secular teaching of the public schools, and who strongly maintains that the system of common schools tends inevitably to the extinc-tion of religion. It is somewhat staggering to the enthusiastic advocate of free educainto his face that the Government reports in England show that the number of criminals has been steadily increasing since the insti-tution of free schools; that the districts of England where the status of the population is very low as to education, they constitute nevertheless the least criminal sections of the country, and that as regards the women of the mining regions of the North, who work in coal pits and iron works, and whose ignorance is absolutely appalling, yet among none of the population of Great Britain is there shown less of wickedness and crime. And to come to our own country, says this disciple of Herbert Spencer, it can be shown that there is less crime in the southern part of the United States, where illiteracy so largely prevails, than in the North, where education has produced such wide-awake discontent and dissatisfac-tion among the laboring classes, and the re-

sult of which is the inflaming of class hatred that will end in revolution, and may-But the sympathies and affection of the dices fall into consonance with it. education for the masses is what the South needs, says the North, and to this end money is poured out like water by Northern re-formers and philanthropists. More money has been given by the North for the collegiate education for negroes in Alabama alone than any six States of the South together have given to the education of white boys.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EDUCATION The Northern Methodist Church alone, it s said, is spending more money in the south for the higher education of the colored race than is given by all the Southern States combined to their own colleges. The Bantist and Presbyterian Churches are in no way behind with their benefactions, so

far as education is concerned. provides for three months free schooling in the year. This is not so bad, considering the poverty of the people engendered by the war. The term is supplemented by the teachers carrying on the -chools for pay, as is done in Pennsylvania in the country districts where the term is short. But the best schools are those established and supported from large contributions of money from the North by societies, churches and individ-uals. In this little town of Aiken two such schools are carried on successfully. One of these is under control of the Presbyterian church in the North, and the other, more famous, was established soon after the war by Miss Martha Schofield, under the suspices of the Germantown branch of the Freedman's Commission Since the Freedman's Aid Bureau was abolished this school has been largely sup-ported by voluntary contributions from its friends, and by some aid from the State. Pennsylvania has given during the past year \$1,902 toward its support—the larger part being from the Philadelphia Association of Friends. New York comes next with \$1,228, other States North and West are set down for smaller sums, while dona-tions of books, clothing, barrels and boxes of everything useful seem to be endless in quantity and variety.

This institution is known as the Schofield Normal and Industrial School and is largely visited by the winter guests of the town. Miss Schofield, the principal, is an energetic business woman, who superintends and manages the school in a most imposing manner. She came here, as we are about 24 years ago, and by NORTHERN THRIFT

and good management has built up a successful school and her own fortunes as well. By a singular want of tact, and by manners that are aggressive and dictatorial, she stirred up the prejudices of the white people in such wise, and rubbed them so decidedly the wrong way, that she is completely os-tracised by society in the town and has found opposition and resistance even among the colored folks themselves, many of whom hesitate not to say that they greatly prefer the \*Presbyter-ian school. Still the Schofield school has held its own these many years, and has done much good work in the way of enlight enment among the colored race. It is quit pretentious in its showing forth as compris ing a normal and industrial school. In the in Pittsburg, as combining manual labor with the training of the mind. Sewing, with the training of the mind. Sewing, gardening, carpenter work and printing constitute the prominent features in this line. A large frame building nearby is dignified in college fashion by the name of Carter Hall. Here the Northern teachers and the girls are domiciled, and here the kitchen and the dining-room for all the students from a distance are presided over by Mauma Glover, a typical Southern cook, to whom—as a recent writer delicately says of Mrs. Harrison—nature has been liberal in the way of flesh, and genial good humor. Her hoe-

cakes and bread are said to be superlatively good by visiting magnates from New York and Philadelphia.

and Philadelphia.

On the occasion of our visit we went a little beyond the usual order or things by expressing a desire to visit the school-rooms and inspect the work of the pupils. Whereupon Miss Schofield slipped out of the room and we could not restrain the inference that she was notifying the teachers to get ready for inspection and have things put into apple-pie order and visiting trim.

OLD-FASHIONED MELODIES.

The show time for visitors is during The show time for visitors is during chapel exercises, when the entire school is assembled for a Bible reading and prayer and singing. This last is the most attractive feature for visitors, who listen to "Swing Low," "Steal Away," "The Gospel Train," "One More River to Cross," "Mary and Martha," and other religious songs sung with the melody and abandon only to be found among the colored folks. It is in the colored folks are as the chapel that Miss Schofield shines as the patron saint, the devoted missionary, the broken up on the school question, as between the parochial and the parochial and the parochial and the school question, as between the parochial and the par public schools, the South is equally in a muddle on the subject of education. On the one scenes, this spectacle was not so imposing hand, it is con- as those who "in the North" live in palaces tended that the stability and prosperity of and know nothing of the schools of the com-

mon people.

It was quite rich to hear their wonder and surprise over the attainments and per-formances of the pupils that were far, far behind those of the common schools of the North. They were so gushing and full of praise that it seemed plain that only a black skin had power to reach their sympathies and find the key to their emotions. Kindsionary work of sending flannel shirts to the Hottentots, while the denizens of the back alleys at home are left to freeze. It is really astonishing what affection and con-cern are manifested by good people for the heathen and the Indian and the African, who are far away, while the poor in their midst are ignored as uninteresting and intolerably disagreeable. YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

But to get back to the Schofield school. where the sweet singing and beautiful be havior of the bright young darkies took hold of the sentimental side of the visitors, and it is to be hoped reached for their cash as well. Four or five of the teachers in the schools are colored, while two are white. The head instructor is Miss Criley, of Eastern Pennsylvania, who struck us as a very able teacher. In the highest, or normal department, there were 11 bright young girls and young men preparing to become teachers. The oldest pupil in the school is 69 years of age. Several grown young men were in one of the lower departments, and were struggling in their arithmetic lesson with the deep mystery of cancellation. Some matried men attend the school whose wives go out to work and cook in the meantime. Miss Schofield was heard to say that young love' dream was the worst thing she had to con tend with in the way of government. The young folks thought little of playing 'hook' in the woods near by to dally with the divine passion, even though the charms of spelling, the allurements of arithmetic, and the delights of the higher branches beckoned them within the classic walls.

Great masses of clothing, books, papers, and of every conceivable thing, even to old nails and rag-bags, are sent by friends in the North to the school. The available clothing and supplies thus donated are sold to the colored people of the town. The fees for tuition are from 20 to 50 cents a month for each pupil. The religious services are

THE BIG HEAD.

Objections are made by some that the school produces the disease so well known among statesmen as the "big head," and makes the young colored men disinclined to do anything but sit on the fence and wish they had an office—while in the girls it creates a soul above housework and buttons Others contend that the school does evil by fostering hostility between the races, who have to live together. Whether these critiims have any basis of fact, we, an outsider, do not pretend to say, but to us it seems clear that much more is being done for the colored race in the way of education than for the whites. The former have the better schools, the greater advantages as to olleges, and will ere long become a power that can neither, be ignored nor despised in the line of politics.

Moreover the doctrine of equa

rights for men and women is being strongly inculcated by Miss Schofield and the other teachers and this in a State where nobody's rights are respected under the law, save the white man-in a State where women are subjected to, and dominated by the worst features of the old common law. It is rather that as far as education goes the negroes of the South have not only more than half a strong resemblance to the strong-minded woman, as pictured by the shapes but have the best of it all around as far as education is concerned.

In this State of South Carolina the law provides for three months free schooling in the year. This is not so bad, considering the poverty of the people engendered by the tractive manners of Lucy Stone, or warm motherly, delightful ways of Mrs. Livermore or Mrs. Stanton. She has rather the aggressive, independent, push-ing style of the spinster who is so in her way," and bound to have it if the world should turn upside down. One of the positive characters who, when not endowed with consummate tact, give point to prejudice and ground to opposition. But with the benign countenances of the sweet Quaker, Lucretia Mott, and John G. Whittier, and Abraham Lincoln, and William Lloyd Garrison and others upon the walls, and the story of their lives related for example and precept, the cause of equal rights can hardly fail to grow and prosper. And talking of education it may be said that the election laws of this State, which have been devised to defraud the illiterate negroes of their votes, are proving to be the str incentive to their acquirement of the ability to read and write, thus proving that Except wind stands as never it stood, It is an ill wind turns none to good.

BESSIE BRAMBLE. A Slight Error.



Sleeping-car Conductor-That's too big s undle to take in here-you ought to send



# A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Home Cracking.

Address communications for this depart to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Ma

516-A PARADOX. In a quiet nook and shady.
Once I watched a little lady
Work away with fingers simble,
Plying needle, thread and thimble.
Long with interest undiminished
Gazed I on her; when she finished
Look was her desire task if Gazet I on ter, when she himsel.
I took up her dainty task (it
Neatly rested in her basket);
And a portion amputated,
When, though strange to be related,
This last process made it larger.
Then she smiled and said, "How arch you're?"

517-TRANSPOSITION. The sun first high in heaven, and two The grass from walk preventing dew; Then let us roam the vales together. This bright and beautiful spring weather.

Enjoy the present and be gay,
Whene'er there comes a perfect day,
For storms will come, and clouds will lower,
And frosts will blight each perfect flower.
BITTER SWEET.

518-A BIOGRAPHICAL NARRATIVE.

The names are given in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.]

A small boy visiting his grandpa at the Thanksgiving season, went to the barn soon after his arrival to find what he could with which to amuse himself. He turned the American soet who died in 1823 in the American satirist to prevent interruption, and then proceeded to ransack. In one corner were two American general(s) of the present century, with handles of an English physician who died in 1829. The English admiral of the 11th century was lying with the American inventor on the floor of the barn. A(n) French novetice of the present day was on the carpenter's on the floor of the barn. A(n) French novelist of the present day was on the carpenter's bench with a bit of a German theologian who died in 1656, and a piece of paper covered with a German student and political fanatic, who came to his death in 1820. Our boy found a French philosopher of recent time and a(n) American sculptor, and began to play with them, but, spying along English cardinal, who died in 1838, he though the would rather jump with it. He next tried to light a fire with an American physician and medical writer and an English essayist who died in 1729, but fortunately could get no American historian who died 1866. So he turned his attention to a lump of an American stateman historian who died 1886. So he turned his attention to a lump of an American statesman who died about the middle of the present century, which was just inside the door on a flat advocate of woman's rights, and essayed to make a Governor General of Canada, who died in 1888. But he made such a mess of this that he was about to make a Dean of St. Pallick's retreat, when his grandfather appeared at the English Arctic navigator—died 1878—of the barn, and made his strong Swediah Lieutenant General who died in 1814, while he wielded the English Engisholysis of the present day. General who died in 1814, while the English Egyptologist of the prese

519-ENIGMA. We journeyed while we slumbered, And came one morn at length Where mighty hills, unnumbered, Uprose in peaceful strength. It was a glorious waking.

As we through grandeur sped, Our lifted souls partaking. With awe, the pageant spread. But pausing in a canon, Our steaming steed gave time, To hear the hill's companion Sing forth a silvery chime.

The song it was so cheery, The singer was so meek, That travelers aweary Aroused to hear it speak.

"What though I journey single,"—
'Twas thus it seemed to say—
"I greet each focky dingle
In lightsome, merry way." "Each mountain is a brother, I love to feel their might, And kindly they bend over And hail me from their height,"

Thus sang this winsome rover
To us at break of day
Of mighty hills above her.
Now, name this mountain fay.

520-ANAGRAM OF CANADA. A scribe who drove a martial pen Thought it a due of partial men, Each like an imp alert, To play a menial part, While each leader fain While each leader is the For his ample train.
Would the palm retain.
If houses disunited fall,
I wonder this one stands at all.
WM. WILSON.

521-A CURIOUS UNION. Nothing joined to a treasury of knowledge forms an article which a drummer must use; is a source of profit to publishers; indispensable to bankers; contains officers of courts and legis-lative assemblies, and brings to mind forests in to bankers; contains officers of course forests is lative assemblies, and brings to mind forests is CARL GREY.

522-CHARADE. The first's a creature fleet of limb, The monarch of his tribe;

But not as monarch grand; A captive, marching, void of spleen, Behind the "circus" band. 523-QUIZZES.

And he a last can less or swim,

In all a first is sometimes seen,

1. What is short when it is long?
2. What gives weakness when 'tis strong?
3. What painful loss can make us glad?
4. What risks more heights than any lad?
5. What is it that is always tred—
When there is strength for work required?
6. What thing to live must lose its head?
7. And what from too much breath lies dead?
8. What while running always hea?
9. What is a disregarded vice?
10. What book still lives when robbed of leaves?
11. And can you name the unseen thieves?
CLAMOR.

A GRAND PRIZE HUNT, All Dispatch Readers Should Join the Party.

[In the letter below are hidden a number of well-known mammals, for which all are invited to seek. To the most successful hunter—that is, to the person giving the largest list of the concealed or expressed names—a large and beantiful quarto volume of illustrations and descriptions of prominent features of America will be presented. The names must be formed by taking consecutive letters as indicated by the italies in this sentence: "Do go and fotch me the catalogue, friend Scowler." They must be given in the order in which they are hidden in P. U. Mason's letter, and must be sent in within ten days after the date of this issue of THE DISPATCH. In case of a tie, preference will be given for the list containing lewest unallowable names, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary being the anthority to decide whether the words given are the names of mammals of not. Send on the lists.]

YAKIMA. WASH. T., January 10, 1889. All Dispatch Readers Should Join the Party.

the words given are the names of mammals of not. Send on the lists.]
YARIMA. WASH. T., January 10, 1889.
FRIEND GIBB: Having often received an invitation to go on a bear hunt, as Scott, Jack, Mart and Dolph are all here I announced my intention of going this morning. The first day's hunt being numbered with the things of the past, I will tell you about it. Of course all were eager to join the party. We boarded the cars at Sherman and ran down to Starbuck, where we got horses for the chase. We landed all safe, and as they stopped the car I bounced out, followed by the others, all amazed at the wild scenery. Dolph, in his hurry (now hale and eager for the hunt near at hand), catching the excitement, ran over Jack, almost crippling him. Now, friend Gibb, only picture to yourself fifteen greenhorns (there were no old hunters with us) debating what to do and how to do it, and you may imagine that the hurry and clanger ill allayed the excitement. Mart engaged rooms for a week, assuring us plenty of sport. Jack came limping along, leading a wild mustang which be mounted urging us to constitute the second. In ansver the Extendent State and Regard rooms for a week, assuring us plenty of sport. Jack came limping along, leading a wild mustang which he mounted, urging us to go at once, and, giving his steed a tap, irritated him so that he ran into a thicket; but getting control of him as soon as he was able, he emerged from the maze, bravely determined to ride him. We rambled about all day, and still I only got near enough to see Scott shoot once, the only shot made by the party. We had succeeded in driving one close to where some of our party were stationed, but Scott erred in shooting too hastily and only wounded the grizzly, which staggered, but escaped in the jungle, and we did not see it again. Satisfied that thick brush is not conducive to success, and having no dogs to trail, we returned, but hope had luck will not attend us all the week. Jack never ateless in his life than he did at supper, and says we molested his appetite more than the game.

Yours truly, P. U. MASON.

507—1. Switch. 2. Tow (toe). 3. Caps. 4. Soul (sole). 5. Bole (bowl). 6. Heal (heel). 7. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose). 5. Seam. 9. Browse (brows). 10. Wheel. 11. Hare (hair). 12. Hub. 508—One is a cat in a rage; the other a rat in a cape.

a cage.

509—The ministry of love.

510—Tombighee, Defiance, Shawl, The Wash,
Worms, Man, Baldhead, Table, Oranges, Candy,
Charles and Henry, Powder, Surgeon, Yell,
Indian, Guns, Home, Scilly. 511-A tire. 512-Wind-lass.

514-Fogy, fog, Fo, f. 515-A-corn.

Knowledge is Power, but It's Not Money



Miss Penelope Peachblow-Who is that? Mr. Jonathan Trump-Oh, that's Prof. Digby, who knows everything. He's considered one of the most profound scholars in

America. Miss Penelope Peachblow-Well, why doesn't he have his hair cut? Mr. Jonathan Trump-He can't afford it.

# Infantile Skin and Scalp Diseases.

a terrible condition, being covered with sores. Sulphur Springs fail. Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

I have used your CUTICURA REMEDIES in two cases where it proved to be successful. The first was in the case of a boy a year and a half old. His face and body were in a terrible condition, the former being completely covered with sores. I took him to the Massena Sulphur Springs, but he did not improve any. I was then advised to try the CUTICURA REM. ! EDIES, which I did. He took one and onehalf bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, when his skin was as smooth as could be, and is to-day. I used the CUTICURA on his sores and the CUTICURA SOAP in washing him. He is now 5 years of age, and all right. The other case was a disease of the scalp, which was cured by washing with the CUTICURA SOAP and rubbing in the CUTICURA, one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT being used. They have proved successful in every case where I have advised the use of them. It is surprising how rapidly a child will improve under their treat-ment. I recommend them for any disease of the skin as being the best in the world. This is my experience, and I am ready to stand by my JOHN R. BERO. American House, Hogansburg, N. Y.

We have used your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and find them worthy the claim you make for them. In fact, they cannot be too highly rec ed. Our little girl bad the eczema and suffered intensely for one winter, and, although under the care of a skilled physician. he could afford her no relief, but by the use of your CUTICURA REMEDIES she was speedily cured. We will not be without your CUTICURA B. A. MANLEY, Milo, Ia.

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES suc cessfully for my baby, who was afflicted with eczema, and had such intense itching that he got no rest day or night. The itching is gone, and my baby is cured, and is now a healthy.

MARY KELLERMANN, Beloit, Kan,

# Cuticura

For cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and scalp and restoring the hair of chil-dren and infants and destroying the germs of scrofula and all hereditary humors, the CUTI-CURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching, burning and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTI-CURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT the

PIMPLES, black-heads, red. rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTTUURA SOAP.

Boy one year and a half old. Face and body in [ Boy nine years old. Bad humor all his life. Small, red blotches, with dry, white seab, from head to feet. Two physicians fails Cured by Cutifues.

My boy, aged 9 years, has been troubled all his life with a very bad humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scab on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scabs from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort, I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the humor rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth, and performing a thorough cure. The CUTICURA REMEDIES are all you claim for them. They are worth their weight in gold to anyone troubled as my boy was,

GEORGE F. LEAVITT. North Andover, Mass I can praise the CUTICURA REMEDIES very highly, for they have cured my baby of a very bad case of eczema, and my boy of sore eyes and breaking out on his face. They are both weil, and have nicer skin than ever. I think it is a wonderful cure, and have recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to a great many.

MRS. BECKETT,

359 West Thirty-ninth st., New York. The CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT and CUTICUEA SOAP have brought about a marvelous cure in the case of a skin disease on my

little son 8 years old. I have tried almost all remedies, and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful CUTI-CURA REMEDIES. ED. N. BROWN. 720 North Sixteenth st., Omaha, Neb. The CUTICURA REMEDIES are in great de-

mand. The CUTICURA RESOLVENT sells better than any other blood purifier. The Curi-CURA SOAP is praised by my customers, especially mothers, who say it is the best for babies, preventing and curing scald heads and

GEORGE HOBBS, P. M., Collins, Tex.

# Remedies

all other remedies fail.

purities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of terturing. humiliating, itching, burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales and crusts, when physicians and

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, Soc.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, SL. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPORATION,

sa Send for "How to Cure Skin Dis-cases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 tests

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Curroura Soar.